

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

CLINTON T. BRAINARD.....President and Editor

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING BY

The Washington Herald Company

425-427-429 Eleventh Street

Phone Main 3300

L. M. BELL.....Publisher

B. G. BRYANT.....Business Manager

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

THE BACKWATER SPECIAL AGENCY
New York, World Building; Chicago, Tribune Building; St. Louis,
Post-Dispatch Building; Detroit, Ford Building.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:

Daily and Sunday, 40 cents per month; \$4.80 per year.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:

Daily and Sunday, 60 cents per month; \$6.50 per year. Daily only,
50 cents per month; 5.00 per year.Entered at the post office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail
matter.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1919.

Let There Be No Recess of Congress.

The news that the President is giving thoughtful consideration to the high cost of living ought to be no surprise. The President must have been impressed for a long time with the necessity of suggesting means whereby plain living might be made more endurable. The strain upon the people is great. They have borne the high prices with patriotic fortitude.

Congress might have improved its time and reputation by having found a way to reduce food prices had it been less interested in playing politics. When the extra session was called the people had a right to expect attention to the larger internal problems. The lowering of food prices certainly is one of these.

The remarkable declaration by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that the organization demanded lower prices for food and not higher wages undoubtedly affected the President as deeply as it did the entire country. The President is learning how acute are conditions in this country. If he finds it advisable to abandon or curtail his proposed coast-to-coast speaking tour for the league of nations and devote his entire attention to bringing relief to the wage earners of America, he will have gained the gratitude of all.

If the House of Representatives persists in its plan to recess for six or eight weeks, it will show a disregard for the interests of 105,000,000 Americans. August may not be a pleasant month for the Congressmen to remain in Washington, but it is far better that the 435 members continue to suffer slight discomfort than it will be for millions of persons to longer carry the burden of high prices. The President's recommendations should receive immediate attention by Congress, and in order that this may be done the House should continue in session.

From a casual reading of English papers, we gather that the doughboys greatly hampered the allied armies during the closing days of the war.

No Time for a Police Squabble.

Some one has started a row in the police department. There is silly talk of backbiting and tattling. At a time when the department ought to be at the height of its efficiency the chief is defending himself from imaginary enemies—imaginary to the public, at least, so long as he fails to give names or file charges. In private business a backbiter is given short shrift. If the chief knows he is in the right, he should lose no time in getting rid of the trouble makers. This is no time to inflict upon the public the inside bickering of the department. It can only serve the end of causing further distrust of the police.

The lid ought to be slammed upon the nasty mess until the department can come clean.

Intimations that the chief is harassed by enemies will not serve as an alibi for dereliction of duty of the whole department. Ordinarily a police row would be interesting reading, but local conditions are too serious now for anything of the kind. As long as Maj. Pullman retains the title of chief of police the people will look to him for proper administration of the department and for the maintenance of law and order.

Doughboys are marrying German girls, and we should like to know their opinion of the agreement to go to the aid of France in the future.

Greater Good Will Toward Banks

There is more public good will towards the bank as an institution than ever before.

The reason is that the bank has more good will towards the public than ever before.

More people are using the service of banks.

People are seeing their relation to the bank, and, best of all, the banks are seeing their relation to people.

Through better banking laws and better order and system there have been but few bank failures within the past five years.

Go into even the small rural town and about the best systematized and best appearing business institution is the bank.

The bank and the postoffice in a small town are about the only institutions where all the patrons do not run behind the counters and where there is no loafing.

Yes, and courtesy of bank officials and employees is becoming almost universal.

By their advertising banks have performed a splendid social service in teaching more of us to save.

Pick up the average weekly paper of even the remote rural community and you will find one or more well written and well reasoned advertisements by the bank for the starting of savings accounts.

The banks have and are performing an immense educational service in this country and by evolution: First, they induced us to take our surplus funds out of stoves, tin cans and stockings and put them in the bank; then they induced us to save more, and now they are teaching us how to produce more.

Even comparatively small banking institutions are issuing well prepared literature on household economy, gardening, chicken raising, bee culture and the like.

Other banking institutions are appealing to the young, the coming generation, for increased production, and by organizing boys and girls into corn clubs, garden clubs and even pig clubs.

Throughout the country a few months ago there was exhibited a moving picture of a troop of boys running out of the elegant banking building of a Southern town, and each with a squealing pig under his arm.

Many of the larger New York banks are circulating to manufacturers over the country literature on foreign trade.

All of this is prepared by specialists after first-hand research, and is of the utmost value to our future commerce.

Any effort that will increase our thrift and production is a service to humanity, and service to humanity is good business.

A young lawyer's chief ambition is to help make the country's laws, but later he is satisfied to help clients dodge them.

Foolish Questions.

The answering of foolish questions is, we believe, one of the truest indexes to a person's character.

If they are answered in a my-how-ignorant attitude, it shows the lack of tolerance which is, perhaps, one of the most desirable of human traits.

On the other hand, if the foolish question is given a kindly reply, it displays, in addition to tolerance, a great degree of tact.

We are apt to forget that the question which appears foolish to us may be of vital importance to the person asking it.

Then, too, asking a foolish question is often merely desire on the part of the questioner to be friendly. It is used as a sort of entering wedge.

And, usually one can answer a foolish question sensibly in half the time it takes to make a "smart" or "cutting" reply.



New York, July 31.—Thoughts while walking around Manhattan: Soft job that fellow has. Nothing to do but smoke an endless succession of cigars in a show window. There goes Elsie Janis and her adopted son into the foyer of the Globe. Hello! Big electric sign advertises ice cream soda. Once advertised a Scotch high ball.

An actor with a pained derby: Marc Klaw watching a group of street diggers. Benign, frock-coated man, hands clasped behind him, owns a chain of tough saloons. Clara Tice at the village artist, sketching atop a bus. Theater advertisements: "Gentlemen need not wear their coats in here."

Tom Healy announces dinner served at tables on ice covered floor. Gotta do something in cafes now with booze gone. Nell Brinkley going to a Chaplin movie. They say Chaplin's hair is turning white. Worried about keeping up his clowning.

Big line waiting to buy tickets to see the latest shimmy dancer. Wonder what a shimmy dancer reads? There's Broadway's funeral church. Looks like the front of a restaurant. What does an undertaker do with his evenings? There's Bruno Marsing, the writer. Gets a big salary furnishing ideas to comic artists.

Fellow in the closed car with a silk hat is a big financier. Goes in for spiritualism. Everybody seems to be taking that up. Back home we used to think spiritualists were queer. Now they represent an advanced thought. Still I don't care if I never hear a table rap.

Lots of Japanese in town. Spend loads of money. Hear they're wild over American dancing. Ted Lewis, the jazz king, has an offer to go to Shanghai and then to Tokyo. Five thousand a week. I'd go anywhere for that. Even to Brooklyn. Snappy little French coffee house. Lunch 30 cents. Think I'll try it.

The big hotels have created a new job. It is known as telephone booth watchman. More people lose valuables in telephone booths than any other place. In one hotel alone, bags and purses worth \$45,000 were found in a single week. It is said that many times the watchman has found a hotel in a state of agitation after a telephone conversation and have walked a block or so before they discover their loss. Perhaps two or three have used the booth by that time and unless an honest person finds whatever is left it is never recovered. Now each booth is given the once over by the watchman the instant anyone leaves and before anyone else enters.

It was a home going crowd swinging back and forth on the rhythmically lurching Fifth avenue bus. A fine old school gentleman was taking great pains to point out the sites of real interest to the two distinctly commonplace gum chewing young girls. Doubtless they were strangers in New York and had asked him some questions.

"The Astor Library there reminds me," the old gentleman was saying, pointing with a quaintly carved gold headed stick to the handsome stone lions, "that Mr. Astor was buried back in 1835 for building the old Astor House as far uptown as Chambers street. But later—dear me, there's my corner!" With a courtly bow he hastened out and the two girls resumed their conversation.

"I planned to have a permanent wave, you know. But Gert says not to. She says Ed is a fish faced nut and—"

"After all the old gentleman and the two girls were strangers in a great city."

A Proud Daughter.

Rebecca, aged 8, was very proud of her father's rank as a first lieutenant, and grew quite indignant when a neighbor boy called him "captain."

"I'll have you understand that my daddy is not a captain," he said, "he's a lieutenant."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied the boy. "He is an officer."

"Indeed he is not an officer," she protested.

"Yes, dear, a lieutenant is an officer," interrupted Rebecca's mother.

"Oh, it's a lie!" persisted Rebecca, still determined to maintain her daddy's dignity at all cost, "he's not much of an officer!"—Buffalo Commercial.

A LINE O' CHEER

EACH DAY O' THE YEAR
By John Kendrick Bangs.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE PROMISE OF AUGUST.
Now come the days of August fair
With smiling Summer everywhere;
The fields on every side are green
With all the shimmer and the sheen
Of coming harvests that shall be
The prize of man's activity.

Rich promise gleams on every side
To be fulfilled when Summer's tide
Now at the full, shall ebb away
Into the glorious Autumn day
And fruits now basking in the earth
Shall garnered be in gifts of worth.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

KEEP A
TOUGH HEAD
AND A
TENDER
HEART

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

"I've come from a Fifth Ave. shop back to you, Tailor McConville, for the simple reason that I can get better value and perfect fitting here than I can there." Dress discriminations choose McConville just this way.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

WOODWARD BUILDING,
15th and
H Streets,
Room
210.

"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG



At the stills

Greet gosh, Ed!
Gimme the machine,
quick! Here's one of
a feller walkin a tightrope
across Niagara Falls!
Gimme it—
Spoken he's to fall
off!

Jiss want a minute, will
you? Keep your shirt on
I'm lookin at this here
Central Park one in winter
time— Gosh, you can
almost eat this snow, it
looks so genuine thru
this stereoscope—

Who's Who in Our City



W. STOKES SAMMONS.

Some boys have queer ambitions when they are wearing knickerbockers and are taking a peep through the vista of the years. The boyhood ambition of our five-wire fellow townsman, W. Stokes Sammons, 733 Twelfth street northwest, was a strange one. It was impelled by his disgust for the old-fashioned window shade which gave home a most morgue-like appearance. So we find young Sammons when a small boy down on his hands and knees at his parents' domicile with a pair of rusty scissors and a ruler, designing "something different" in window shades. And his youthful ideas were accepted by grownups, and Stokes decided upon his career. He entered the window shade business, and today he owns the prosperous Twelfth street establishment known as the "Shade Shop."

Mr. Sammons handled big government contracts during the world war and invested liberally in all the war loans and patriotic activities. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and several sport clubs. His hobbies are several—automobile, fishing and golfing. He is a royal mixer and what the world calls a good fellow.

For a number of years Mr. Sammons has taken an active interest in civic improvements, and declares that all local organizations whatsoever should have a civic betterment side and go in for making Washington the greatest and most beautiful capital city on earth.

Mr. Sammons' home is at 5106 Thirteenth street northwest, where he says the breezes are the coolest and the scenery the prettiest in all Washington.

"I would rather miss my breakfast than miss reading The Washington Herald this summer morning," Mr. Sammons said. "I have cultivated The Herald Habit. It's a good one, and I advise all my friends to do likewise, and then they'll be happy."

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

His resignation has been accepted by Secretary of Agriculture Houston.

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!



MERCY—WONDER IF THAT'S MY PRESERVES?

GEE—WONDER IF THAT'S MY PICKLING FLUID?

POP!

Canning season has commenced. The latest links now in jazz music are being rattled off on preserving jars. Mrs. Housewife, with an agile eye, has corralled all the jars, glasses and bottles within break-

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the world. The fire started while the hundreds of employees were at lunch.

ing distance, and is putting up everything but the awning. All the berries the old man makes, go for berries. He's hung the fly in hock to pay for the sugar. But he kept the tires and inner tubes for jar rings. The old boy himself has been interested in the preserve works this time. He's dabbled in pickling sauce and jam. He has a raisin corked for every raspberry the wife seals. The cherries she bottles will float in his homemade one-man-top Manhattan. To every glass of current jelly she parallels, he's stored a jug of yeast chow-chow. Gonna be some preserve competition this winter in the quiet cellar. Or may we not say, in the "still" cellar?

Large Picric Acid Plant Burns.

Newark, N. J., July 31.—Fire, followed by a series of explosions, practically destroyed the chemical plant of the Maas & Waldstein Co., said to be the largest manufacturers of picric acid in the